

**The World**  
Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55  
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office  
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 18,808.

### SIGHTS AS WELL LEFT UNSEEN.

The ex-Secretary of the Municipal Art Society returns from a visit to French and German cities with words of high praise for their cleanliness and order and the consideration they give to artistic detail in the construction of public buildings and railway depots. He noted that even the trolley transfer stations were architecturally pleasing. He was especially impressed by the efficient handling of the street-car traffic.

We are soon to have visitors from London, a royal commission, to study our street-railway system. What shall we show them first? After they have been conducted in closed carriages from the ferry and their attention diverted from the holes and ruts in the asphalt pavements—work that would drive a village street commissioner out of office, shall we give them a view of the Bridge crowd with a kinetoscopic representation of the mob sweeping policemen off their feet, breaking down brass railings and trampling on women?

Shall we show them our packed open cars, with passengers standing between the seats, and for the next view give them a glimpse of the mechanic throwing his tools at a motorman to stop an empty "no passengers" car? Shall we show them the only remaining American horse car? Shall we let them see the streaks of rust which still serve for rails on roads where the obsolete and dirty hobnail cars continue to run? Shall we direct their attention to the engineering methods responsible for the ruin of business along miles of subway construction and still a danger and an eyesore on the upper Broadway? Shall we admit them into the inner processes of street railway financing and explain to them how railway companies are absorbed by securities companies and these in turn by holding companies? Shall we take them across the East River and reveal to their astonished eyes the spectacle of Flatbush passengers forcibly crowding a parlor car in a desperate endeavor to secure seats?

We have much to exhibit to the visitors in the way of characteristic sights. But it is doubtful if they will take away with them an appreciation of our methods comparable with that which the Municipal Art Society Secretary brought home from Germany.

### THE WALL STREET SLUMP.

The report of the Illinois Central Railroad shows an increase in net earnings for the year of \$600,000. Yet the stock is 48 points lower than it was last fall. Louisville and Nashville is 50 points lower, Pennsylvania 51, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western 46. The slump all along the line has reduced prices almost to a panic level. Meanwhile the actual value of these great railroads has not diminished. Their equipment is in as good order as before, their assets are as large and their expectation of business as promising. Is not the decline in market values new evidence, if any such were needed, of the instability of Wall street prices and new proof of the gambling nature of the game that goes on there?

The investor who purchased a share of Illinois Central outright last fall at 173 has not lost 48 dollars. His dividends have not decreased and the whirligig of quotations will probably again restore the stock to its old high notch. But the speculator, little or big, who "bought" Illinois Central on a margin has been "cleaned out" five times over. He "invested" in a lottery and the drawing went against him. He is as badly off as if he had followed "Davy" Johnson at the race track and shared in that plunger's loss of \$125,000. He is probably worse off than if he had played roulette or faro in a Tenderloin gambling-house. "Gambler's luck" there is not so entirely in favor of the house as it is in Wall street margins.

### STATESMEN'S WIDOWS.

Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Fremont died last year at an advanced age. Mrs. Blaine is now dead at seventy-three. Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Jefferson Davis survive among the notable widows of American statesmen of national prominence.

To dwell upon the careers of these women, to recall how large a part they played in their husband's official life and to remember what important figures they have been even in their widow's weeds is to appreciate the capacity they showed in developing evenly with their husbands' intellectual development. For the girlish bride of a young lieutenant to rise to the larger responsibilities of the Presidency or of other high office is a rare test of womanhood.

These celebrated wives all married young. Mrs. Fremont was a schoolgirl. Mrs. Blaine had just turned twenty. How much the destiny of the others was determined by the choice of a wife we may not know. But in the case of Mr. Blaine was it not his wife's influence in persuading him to leave his Kentucky schoolroom and begin life anew in Maine that made him Speaker and Secretary?

### ALL IN THE TONE OF THE VOICE.

An interesting addition to the tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee of the law is made by the decision of the Brooklyn Court of Special Sessions regarding the playing of baseball on Sunday. On the complaint of the Rev. Mr. Stair two amateur nines were arrested on the charge of disturbing a church congregation while playing in a vacant lot. In announcing the Court's decision Justice Courtney said that if the game is to be played on Sunday "there must be no loud coaching, nor must the umpire give his decisions in a loud tone." As the defendants had used their lungs vociferously they were found guilty of disturbing the peace, notwithstanding the submission of the Justice that he "personally could not blame any one for cheering."

It is thus, by inference, permissible for deaf mutes to play ball on Sunday, but illegal for boys with normal larynxes to do so. It is not the game, but its noise that violates the law. All depends on the tone of voice.

**Typhoid Dangers.**—The renewal of the typhoid scare at Athens makes timely a warning to vacation tourists to exercise care in avoiding infection while on their outings. The country well and the woodland spring are favorite lurking places for the germs, and poor plumbing and unsanitary appliances invite their presence. The news which figure in health-board statistics in the late fall or early winter, when the disease is most prevalent, are largely of summer contraction. Whenever you go, see that the drinking water is above suspicion and look upon blessed vision on the mill.

### TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY has abandoned his efforts to rid Sheep-head Bay of mosquitoes. He says that he is willing to kill his own mosquito, but he does not propose to kill those which rightfully belong to his neighbors. It appears that after he had practically exterminated the nest on his adjacent farms heard about it and came over in force. Next summer, if Mr. Whitney can secure concerted action of the powers of Long Island, he will again host his battle flag.

While President A. J. Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad rarely talks for publication, he never avoids an interviewer's approach in an ungracious manner. A certain railroad official told a story the other day which indicates that he is thoroughly alive to the importance of the small amenities. Mr. Cassatt was engaged with a high official of his company one day when the representative of a New York newspaper called for routine information. The official was rather brusque with the scribe, and that Mr. Cassatt noted it was shown a few days later, when some friend presented him with a new hat. The railroad president tried it on and then, turning to his secretary, remarked: "This is too big for me. Send it to Mr. —" mentioning the high official's name.

"Even to this day," said Chris Hawthorne yesterday, "The Western man wears his hair longer than the New Yorker. Visitors from Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and even Pittsburgh frequently complain that when they get into a chair the barber shears them like sheep, and, on the other hand, the barbers claim that they merely give the hair-cut a la mode. Western men also seem to stick tenaciously to a soft hat, an article of apparel which cannot be bought for gold in New York."

Edward L. Henry, the academician, is considerably over sixty years of age, but his youthful, smooth face, aside from his gray hair, has deceived many persons. He is an inveterate joker and also exceedingly absent-minded. This is an actual experience he had at the Century Club not long ago. It was a reception and Mr. Henry was very busy talking to a fellow-artist when something irritated his ankle. He stooped down, lifted the edge of the bottom of one of the other man's trousers, and calmly scratched the other man's ankles just above the patent tie and, replacing the garment, went on talking, wholly oblivious of his action and apparently perfectly satisfied.

When W. K. Vanderbilt was married in Europe about two months ago, it was stated that he and his bride would travel on the Continent until late in October. Recent advices indicate a change of plan, and it is now believed that Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt will arrive in New York soon and spend the rest of the summer at the Idle Hour mansion, which is being thoroughly renovated.

George J. Gould's marble and bronze court and electric fountain at Georgian Court, in Lakewood, have excited the emulation of royalty. The King of Siam has requested the firm which furnished them to give an estimate on similar work five times as large for the courtyard of his palace. The probable figures will be about \$200,000.

### LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

**Why the Coin Does Not Slide.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
For answer to "P. A. B.'s" query as to why a coin tossed in a car traveling at a speed of sixty miles an hour, falls back to the same spot to which it started, he must remember that owing to the fact of the car having a roof and sides the air in the interior is moving at the same rate of speed as the car itself. Let him toss a penny in the air from a car with no sides or roof, moving at a high rate of speed, and he will see that the car will then slide from under the coin. C. J. L.

**Yes.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Was Louis Napoleon (Napoleon III.), a resident of this country previous to being Emperor of France? M. M. D.

**A Literary Query.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In Hail Caine's novel "The Eternal City" does not the time of action lie in the future? Is the papal authority vested in Pope Leo XIII. or in a supposed successor of his? MABEL.

**The Former Is Correct.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Which is correct? A says, "I thought it was he." B says, "I thought it was him." Please give reasons. "I thought it was he" is correct. The verb "to be" does not govern the objective case.

**"How Is Mrs. Blank?" Is in Better Form.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
On meeting a man and referring to his wife which query is proper: "How is your wife?" or "How is Mrs. Blank?" Y. Z.

**Hayti Consul.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Can you tell me the name of the American Consul to Hayti? H. D. H. There are several United States Consuls to Hayti. H. E. Roberts, Consular Agent at Aux Cayes; L. W. Livingston, Consul at Cape Haytien; Hugo Jensen, at Jacmel, and J. B. Terres, Vice-Consul General at Port au Prince.

**Monday.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
On what day of the week did May 1, 1882, fall? B. A. K.

**Yes.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Did Amelia Bingham ever play in "Hearts Are Trumps"? MOLLIE.

**Apply at Lenox Library.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Is there a law library in Manhattan where a young lawyer can read? BRIEFLESS.

### LETTERS FROM A SELFISH WIFE TO HER HUSBAND—No. 6



Telegram from Hot Times House, Backwoods, Me., to H. Ard-hustle, New York: "Have you sent the money?" "MAYSBIE."  
Telegram from New York to Mrs. H. Ard-hustle, Hot Times House, Backwoods, Me.: "Bank account overdrawn; salary overdrawn; everything pawned; not a soul in town who'll lend a cent."

Telegram from Hot Times House, Backwoods, Me., to H. Ard-hustle, New York: "Don't waste telegraph tolls on jokes. Wire me three hundred."

Telegrams from Hot Times House, Backwoods, Me., to H. Ard-hustle, New York: "Have you sent the money? Maysie." "When do I get the money? Maysie." "I must have money. Maysie." "Are you never going to send the money? Maysie."



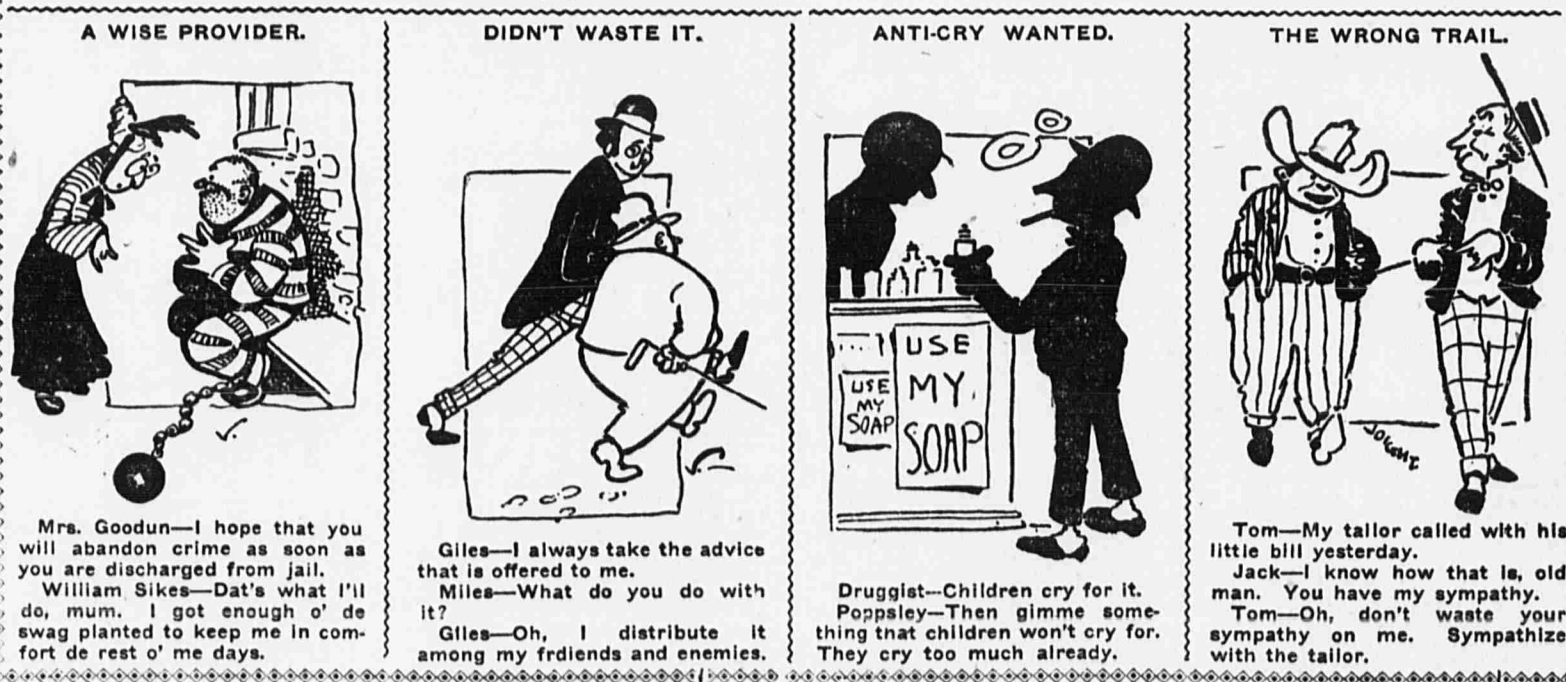
Special delivery letter: "I don't know what to think of your conduct. You have subjected me to the most terrible humiliation a man can put upon a woman. While you have been enjoying yourself in the city, living a regular life and attending to your business, having no anxieties or worries, I have been left away off here surrounded by

women who are not fit to tie my shoes and yet have three dresses to my one, and when I ask you for a little money you send me a flippant answer or ignore my telegrams. I had to spend \$8 on telegrams today and got no reply worthy to be called such.



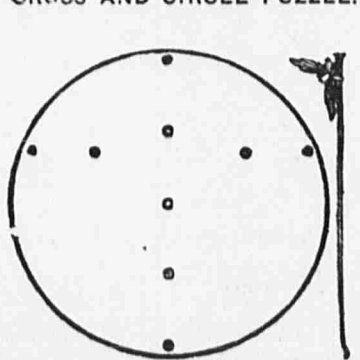
"I told you my automobile was broken; that I gave a pink tea; that my board was overdue; that I lost my outing hat; that the exorbitant livery man was annoying me with his bill, and that I had not one cent left of the trifling sums you have doled out to me. I had to borrow \$10 of the dirt hauler's vulgar wife to pay the entrance fee

in the Beauty Club and I owe \$12 in dues, and the servants are actually impudent because I have not tipped them since the first week. If you don't send me \$500 immediately I'll get a divorce."



### HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

#### CROSS AND CIRCLE PUZZLE.

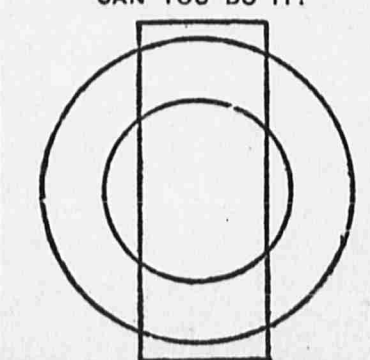


Describe three circles inside the one shown in the diagram in such a way as to leave each one in a section to itself.

#### SOME ODD QUERIES.

If you are good at guessing or answering, here are a few questions you can wrestle with:  
You can see any day a white horse, but did you ever see a white colt?  
How many different kinds of trees grow in your neighborhood and what are they good for?  
Why does a horse eat grass backward and a cow forward? asks the Philadelphia "Inquirer."  
Why does a hop vine wind one way and a bean vine the other?  
Where should a chimney be the larger, at the top or bottom, and why?  
Can you tell why a horse when tethered with a rope always unravels it, while a cow always twists it into a kinky knot?  
How old must a grapevine be before it begins to bear?  
Can you tell why some leaves turn upside down just before a rain?

#### CAN YOU DO IT?



Can you draw this figure without lifting your pencil from the paper, without going over the same line twice and without allowing any line to cross another?

### Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

**MORE ELOQUENT.**  
"I don't preach no long sermons in de summer time," said the colored brother; "I des calls de 'tention er de sinners ter de state er de thermometer, en, bless God, dey knows whar's a-comin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**A WASTE OF TIME.**  
Finnegan—Don't be so lazy an' discouraged about it. The best way to find out what ye kin do is to try.  
Flanagan—Ay! But that's the worst way to find out what ye can't do.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

**PROOF POSITIVE.**  
Hicks—Tompkins is a fearfully conceited fellow, isn't he?  
Wicks—Why, no. I heard him say himself that he isn't conceited at all.—Somerville Journal.

### MYSTERIES OF WOMAN'S DRESS.

Feminine Fashions Are the Most Changeable Items in a Changeable Universe.

BY MARCEL PREVOST.

IN this world of changing things nothing, perhaps, is so changeable as the style of women's clothes. One can scarcely believe that such accessories as crinolines were once indispensable, or that the bustle was universally adopted some twenty years ago by all wishing to be considered fashionable. It is impossible to forecast to-morrow's style by judging from that which prevailed yesterday, yet there is a sort of an excuse for the style of to-day.

Institute that a certain had now dear to the feminine heart will be discarded or radically changed, and listen to the protests and fears of its devotees! One of my friends, a writer, experienced this recently. In a book which appeared last year he devoted a chapter to a modest prophecy of this kind, concluding with the prediction that a simpler and more uniform mode of dress would soon come into use. Letters came thick and fast, telling him his forecast was absurd.

Scarcely twelve months have passed, and we learn a change is about to take place, says Marcel Prevost in the Chicago Tribune. It is not my object to describe what might be called a dress reform, I shall note the causes bringing about the reform and the probable chances of its success. The first cause is the position of doctors on feminine hygiene. "Our eyes," says Mme. de Broutelles, "compress the stomach, liver, heart and lungs. Our skirts sweep the streets and raise the dust, and with it the microbes. They prevent free movement. The women who wear corsets experience a depressing feeling after their day's work. Obligated to gather up their skirts, they are embarrassed by the smallest package which they may have to carry, and soon tire from walking a short distance. Our present costume is so complicated that too much time is required at the toilet."

These are the words of one influential. Part of the modern woman's dress is condemned, the most menacing of all—the corset. Dress reformers favor suppression of the corset. Even if the revolution of woman's dress should be delayed, it is unlikely the present style of corset will survive much longer. It will be made on a more humane principle, more supple and yielding, and no longer a straitjacket. The point of support of the clothing should be the shoulders, not the waist. The first article in the reformers' creed contemplates liberation of the feminine waist.

For whom do you dress yourself? If women answer by saying it is for themselves, or because they do not care to invite criticism of other women, one may be sure they are not sincere or have not properly analyzed their motives. In the majority the real motive of woman's dress is to attract attention to the opposite sex, and for this all artifices of the toilet are employed. The opponents of the reform movement object on the ground that a woman thus plainly dressed will be deserted by her male admirers, who, they argue, will show a preference for the woman who follows the old mode.

This fear seems chimerical. If men have any preference it is for the tasteful gown of a simple design. The moral benefit derived from the uniformity of men's dress is that the suit costing \$20 is not totally eclipsed by one of two or three times that price. The cheaper one may look as well as the other. The same result might be reached with women. What a blessing that would be! How many bitter pangs it would save the feminine heart spared the sight of these accessories of dress inseparable to her, but which torture her mind when they adorn the form of her more fortunate sister!

### THE AGE OF CATS.

Herr Pohl, President of the German Society for the Protection of Cats, has just published the results of his investigations in regard to the age which it is possible for these animals to attain. Cats, he says, are like human beings in one respect—the more peaceful and better regulated their lives are the longer they are likely to live. As a proof he points out that a favorite cat in the royal palace of Nymphenburg has lived to be forty-two years old, and consequently may fairly claim to be considered the dean of cats in Germany.

### THE BROOD.

**C**URSES, like chickens, come home, they say. To roost when the day is done, And all of our deeds must journey that way. As they have since the world began. You may drive them away while the day is clear, And think you've escaped them quite, But the good and bad ever hover near, Returning with shades of night. Oh, a motley crew, they return to you With the falling shades of the night. And ye'll need be wise to control the brood That shall come at the close of day. That will jostle and crowd, the bad and the good, Exact as you gave them away. Whatever you give to this world so wise, Be sure she will always match, And you better be careful the breed and the size Of the brood you are going to hatch—Aye, careful, indeed, of the size and the breed Of the brood you are certain to hatch.

—CORA M. W. GREENLEAF.

### ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.

